THE MAGAZINE OF THE HAIRY MUFF MAVEN

FURRY FEMALES

~~$4.00~~

GREAT BALLS OF FUR!

MOUSTACHED MUFFINS ON EVERY PAGE

MOUND WIGS SO FLUFFY YOU'LL GET LOST TRYING TO FIND THE CHERRY

FURRIER THAN SASQUATCH SNATCH A PATCH OF FUR PIE

HIRSUTE PURSUIT GET TONGUE TIED IN GOLDIE'S LOCKS

BEAT AROUND THESE BUSHES WOMEN SO HAIRY YOU'LL NEED TO FLOSS

DON'T MOW THESE LAWNS!

CALL THE 69 LINE
FOR THE BEST ORAL PHONE SEX
1-800-697-6969

THIS IS THE NASTIEST LINE ANYWHERE.

CONVENIENT AND DISCREET BILLING OFFERED.

MAVERICK MARKETING ENTERPRISES, LAS VEGAS, NV

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Paula ••••••••••••••••••••4
A Semester A Broad •••12
Johanna••••••••••••••••14
Free Fur All ••••••••••22
Trina ••••••••••••••••••24
Lenna ••••••••••••••••••34
Miriam••••••••••••••••••42
Darcey••••••••••••••••••48
Raven ••••••••••••••••••56

PAULA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. ALLUM/REX USA

Born in Istanbul, raised in New Delhi and educated in Mexico City makes Paula a real world traveler. The daughter of an American diplomat and a Turkish translator, Paula has seen practically every exotic place you can imagine. Even though she's an American citizen, Paula has been to the U.S.A. only once, while on a trip with some friends during her junior year in college.

After she graduated, Paula went against her father's wishes and decided against moving here and joining the foreign service. Instead, she headed south to Belize and got a job working at a beachside resort. Paula loves her job as a lifeguard. It gives her the opportunity to show off her sultry good looks and her quick mind—she knows five languages. "Not that I really need to talk all that much," she whispers while sucking down a piña colada. "Any guy knows what I want just by taking a good look at my body language."

Asked about her plans, Paula says she wants to move to the States and model full-time while attending graduate school. "And eventually I'll settle down—maybe—because I get bored easily. I'm in constant need of new challenges and don't like to waste opportunities. Life's too short to slack off, and I have every intention to live it to the fullest."

GOLDIE LOCKS GOES TO TURKEY

VCA

A SEMESTER, A BROAD

In a land far away, there are men who like to play with bushy blond twats and sophomoric slots.

BY CARRIE URN

I never shave my pussy. My girlfriends are always shaving theirs for bathing suits and aerobics outfits, but I'll never clip my golden mound. My pussy hair is thick, blond and beautiful. Imagine having Farrah Fawcett's head at your crotch all day long. Well, I'm sure you guys would love that, but I'm talking to the women out there. There's nothing better than having thick, healthy and, yes, even manageable cunt fur. It's a blast! But there is another reason I keep my pubic hair long and wild.

During my sophomore year of college, my roommate Colleen and I spent a semester abroad. Not in England. Not in France. No, not even Italy. We went really wild, let go of our inhibitions and headed for Ankara, Turkey! Our parents freaked. Pop was still shakey from when he saw *Midnight Express*, and Mom... well Mom's first husband was Turkish. But we were young, and, like I said, sophomoric.

Once we arrived at the airport in Ankara, we were literally swarmed by eager taxi drivers. They circled us, trying to outbid one another for our fare. Colleen pointed to one cabbie and said, "Well, he's kind of cute."

Ranji Oyendali drove us to the American exchange dormitory. He told us in broken English of this happening night spot, Senyo Sin. His brother-in-law was the owner and demanded that Ranji promote it amongst his fares, especially to American tourists. We gave Ranji our word that we'd check out the club after we settled in.

The first week was a blast. It was freshman year all over again as we were introduced to the other students and faculty by way of orientations and casual get-togethers. We spent our evenings inside the dorm getting our act together and preparing for classes. On our first Saturday in Ankara, Colleen whipped out the Senyo Sin coupon and insisted that we give it a try.

Arriving at Senyo Sin just after 10 P.M., we were escorted to a table by a short, swarthy fellow with a long, winding mustache and deep brown eyes. Suddenly, Colleen and I were surprised by Ranji. He was overjoyed that we made it to his brother-in-law's club, but he was pissed that we were seated in "the common space." He insisted we meet his brother-in-law, who was currently in the reserved area behind the kitchen entertaining some very special guests.

We followed him to the rear of the club, where he pulled back the black silk curtain that cordoned off the back room from the "common area." The room was thick with smoke, and at its dark center was a round table where five men were seated. Our new friend bowed and whispered into one of the men's ears. Ranji pulled away and addressed Colleen and me by telling us that these

were some of the most powerful men in Ankara.

After the appropriate introductions, I was seated next to a strikingly handsome gentleman wearing a black military uniform. As for Colleen, she immediately took a liking to a friend of Ranji's brother-in-law. Within minutes they had retired to their own corner of the room.

The other men at the table continued with their conversation, giving me the opportunity to get better acquainted with my military friend. I soon learned his name was Ceyhan. I was lost in his deep, penetrating stare as his words took hold of my relaxed body.

Around midnight, my gorgeous Turkish officer escorted me to his home in a limo. Ceyhan's house, perched high in the mountains, was one of the most beautiful in Ankara.

"I want you to feel something," he said. "Remove your shoes."

After removing his own shoes, he led me over to a bear-skin rug by the fireplace.

"There are very few things as soft and delicate as this bear rug. Your hands are surely one."

I was feeling faint and needed to sit down for a spell, but Ceyhan wouldn't allow it. My Turkish warrior guided me to the floor and lay on top of me. His kiss was as soft and experienced as I had expected. Soon, he was tearing off his uniform, causing his medals to fly through the air. In response, I tore off my blouse, exposing my braless tits. Immediately Ceyhan descended on my nipples and areolas.

Lifting my love warrior off my chest, I climbed on top. Kissing his hairy chest, I made my way down to his prick. To this day, I can't get over how enormous Ceyhan's cock is. There was no way I could take all of his dick into my mouth, but I did the best I could, tonguing its helmet and grabbing the shaft. I sucked and sucked and sucked as Ceyhan moaned in the colloquialisms of his native language.

Then it was his turn to take command. I was on my back once again. Ceyhan raised both my legs with one sweep of his arm and tore away my panties with his teeth.

"Your pussy is a sight to behold, a natural rival to the magnificent rug that lies beneath us!" Ceyhan dropped his head down to my tangly bush and sucked my golden pubes. His teeth gently preened each lock as he thrust his thumb deep into my love canyon. As he finger-fucked my honey-hole, he continued to suck and nibble at my lush beaver pelt. It took only a few minutes for me to unleash a river of juices into his mouth. To his credit, Ceyhan stayed at my love reservoir and lapped up every last drop.

Unable to restrain himself any longer, my magnificent lover grabbed my hips and lifted me into the air, where I wrapped my legs around his buttocks, allowing my cunt to slide down onto his swollen dong. Ceyhan slid my hips up and down on his prick, and I ground my swollen clit into his every thrust. Ceyhan walked us throughout the house as we fucked. I was bucking like a mad woman just at the thought of screwing my warrior in every room.

We made our way up a long staircase, his cock thrusting inside me with each step. Finally, we made it to the luxurious master bedroom, collapsing onto the bed. Ceyhan's prick kept on snaking into my cave. Then he pulled out, climbed on top of me and thrust his organ into my mouth as he feasted on my bush. I was sucking his Kong Dong when my Turkish wonder pulled his dick from my mouth and blew his load onto the sheets.

I must admit, the sight of Ceyhan's jet stream was a beautiful sight, but I was extremely pissed off.

"Why'd you pull out? I wanted to swallow your offering!" I screamed.

"I meant no slight," he cried, "but in Turkey we don't allow our women to taste the seed of life."

"Oh, Christ, you're kidding, aren't you?"

"Actually, I am. How'd you know?" Ceyhan smiled, and we started kissing. He would eventually take me back to my dorm room, but first he insisted on running his hands and tongue through my lush pubic mound for about 10 minutes. It took a while, but I finally got to taste his sweet "seed of life." □

JOHANNA

CONFESSIONS OF A CAPED COOZESADER

VIVID — CRAZED II

FREE FUR ALL

The bushier the quim the better the brim
To hang Lord Jim, our favorite one-eyed limb.

BY MIKE STOOGLESTIEN

If anyone knows about my fetish for hairy cunts, it's my buddy Harry O. Harry was there when I followed a woman for three miles down the beach because I knew she had a bushy twat. Her muff nicely raised her bikini bottom and crept out from the corners like wild weeds. He thought I was fuckin' nuts.

Harry was also there when I broke up with my girlfriend Susan, just because she shaved her love-nest. Sure, her tits were great and her legs were long, but it just wasn't the same when it came time to feast. Susan wouldn't let it grow back, so I dumped her.

And Harry O. knows all about Rebecca. I've literally talked his ear off about Rebecca Pubeca. Her pussy was so hairy that I could curl her long quim strands around my finger and just about braid them!

I met Rebecca Pubeca at the community dance that my firehouse sponsored. Everyone knows that babes love firemen, but that one night was unbelievable. The dance was packed with all the beaver our town could supply. Along with the other guys, mostly single or divorced men in their mid-thirties, I was boozing it up and feasting on a mile-long sub and french fries, when we all noticed Rebecca strut into the party. She was tall with long thin legs and a perfect pear-shaped ass. Her knockers stood straight out like a pair of Trident missiles, neither swaying nor bouncing.

Rebecca's long black hair hung straight over her ears and down her back. She parted it over her ice-blue almond-shaped eyes, which nicely set off her bright-red sensuous lips.

As Rebecca headed straight for the punch, I put down my brewskie and told Harry O. and the boys that if I wasn't back in five they should sound the alarms and look for a forest fire.

"Hey, wasn't you there when we had that fire at McKlesky's?" I asked the object of my desire with raised eyebrows and a most concerned look.

"Weren't," she replied.

"What?"

"I think you mean, 'Weren't you there?'"

"...Er, yeah right."

"No, that must have been someone else. Perhaps you had smoke in your eyes?"

"Yo, Miss Attitude, who are you here with?" I was trying to sound unfrazzled by her lack of charm. I don't think she bought it, though. She turned to face me and squinted her baby blues.

"Hmm, you are an interesting man. I was just passing by when I saw the lights and decided to stop in. Well, what's your name?"

"Umm, my name is Mike." My firehose was starting to spout.

"Hello, Mike. My name is Rebecca." She smiled for the first time.

"You know, Mike, my pussy's on fire." She squinted her eyes and sipped her punch.

I spilled beer on my shirt and reached for a napkin. Wiping myself nervously, I looked back at Rebecca, determined to keep my cool. "Are you parked in the lot?"

Rebecca placed her punch on the table and tossed her hair. "Come on," she whispered. As I followed her through the crowd, I noticed my buddies silently cheering me on. Harry 0. was on top of engine nine bowing to me as if I had just accomplished the impossible.

"Would you like to go for a ride?" she asked when we reached her car, a shiny black Mustang convertible with the top down. She tossed me the keys. "You drive."

"Where to? Where are you from anyway?"

"Oh, Mike, let's not ask any questions."

"No problem." So, it was up to me to choose our destination. The night air was warm as we whipped around the curves of the highway. Every so often I turned to catch a glimpse of Rebecca's gorgeous mane blowing in the breeze. She focused on the road ahead, and I decided that we should go to the lake behind my apartment.

Parking in the driveway to my apartment, I escorted Rebecca down the wooded path that led to the lake. She didn't seem to be nervous at all. Her grip on my hand was more affectionate than anxious.

"Well,what do you think?" I asked as we came into view of the lake.

"It's beautiful," she cooed.

"There's this secluded spot we can walk to. There'll be more light and more privacy." We walked around the shore, stepping over rocks, tree roots and fallen branches. The area I had in mind was just beyond the curve in the lake, just in front of the strip mall. The trees provided the lake with enough seclusion from the mall but still allowed the mall's light to filter through.

Rebecca removed her shoes and allowed her toes to crunch the leaves. Removing

my denim jacket, I laid my head back and stared at the full moon.

"Do you know what I like most about you?" she asked. "You have the nicest ass."

I wanted to return the compliment by telling her that I loved her beautiful eyes, but I still hadn't seen her bush. I resolved to get things moving. Amidst the crackling of dry leaves and the beautiful breezy night, I leaned over and kissed Rebecca. Her moist lips were so soft as they melted into mine. Our tongues slipped into a frenzied dance.

She unbuttoned her white blouse, and I glanced down and found her large, firm breasts entrenched in a peach-colored lace bra. Undoing the clasp, I stopped to kiss her neck. I covered her globes with my hands. I squeezed them; my thumbs circled her long hard nipples.

She unzipped my pants. My dong flew out into her palm. With one hand she grabbed my shaft and with the other she unbuttoned her pants. We fell to the leaves and lay on our sides. I grew harder and harder with each caress of her expert hands. The time had come to view her bush.

I knelt over and pulled down her pants, bringing her pink panties into full view. When I removed her undies my peepers almost popped out of their sockets. Rebecca had the greatest cunt I've ever had the pleasure of seeing. Immediately my hands dove into layers and layers of soft pussy fur.

My fingers gently wove in and out of her pubic silk. I couldn't look away. A hint of love cream had spread across the edge of her beautiful bush. I ventured one finger deep into her love cauldron while my other hand kept on brushing her pubes. Rebecca moaned louder and louder.

"Will you leave my pubic hair alone and get to my boiling snatch?" she asked.

I shoved my face into her layered love nest. Her cunt was as delicious as her black cunt locks were gorgeous. As my tongue danced playfully about her clit, I continued to run my hand through her amazing beaver pelt.

"Mike," she yelped, "if you fuck as good as you feast, I might just die."

I lifted both of her legs high into the air and exposed her tunnel. My tongue snaked deep into her hole. Her creamy walls and love lips were delectable.

VIVID — CRAZED II

I tore off my jeans and plunged my cock into her bubbling snatch. Holding her legs high over my head, I banged her drum slowly. Rebecca's juices seeped out onto the leaves. Our pubic fur intermingled like new friends at a tupperware party. That was when I decided to switch into high gear.

"Rebecca, I'm going to fuck you standing up against that tree!"

She was so jazzed that she threw me off and jumped to the tree. I spun her so that her face lay against the bark. I took my studmeister and entered her snatch from behind. We stood against that tree and fucked furiously. Rebecca met each of my thrusts by grinding her ass against me. Our legs shook uncontrollably.

"Mike, it's happening. Oh, man, is it happening! I'm gonna cum!"

I kept on thrusting my schlong in and out of her snatch until we simultaneously climaxed. Rebecca and I collapsed onto the leaves.

"You were wonderful, Mike. I haven't 'gasmed like that since I was poked that first time in college."

Little did she know that it was her mink pad that had made it possible.

She wouldn't answer my questions, nor would she give me her phone number. She just drove off into the night, but deep down I know she'll come walking back into my firehouse.

So, like I told Harry O. back at the party later that night: "I'm no Republican, but I am a bush man!" □

VIVID — CRAZED II

TRINA

LENNA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. FERGUS/REX USA

Brand spankin' new to this country and understandably lonely, Lenna has had a tough time of it since leaving her native Bavaria. "Going without love is frustrating enough," falters the tearful *fraulein*, "but to be humiliated for being single is unbearable." Surprised by her boss while experimenting with an 11¾" black stippled (battery-operated traveller's model) "Dutch husband," Lenna instantly became the butt of piercing office humor. Red-blooded readers of GENESIS will want to send a flying "F.U." to those pencil-pushing pranksters—we're damned glad she's over here.

Lucky for us, humiliation at the job hasn't made Lenna bitter with her adopted country. "America has traditionally been a land of dreams," she asserts, "and I intend to pursue mine, even in the face of office snickering." It seems that her sinister boss, immediately after pulling the dirty office gossip trick, tried to seduce our faultless immigrant friend. "Mr. Sachs told me to open my legs or get out of his building. He couldn't understand that what I needed at that moment was affection." Lenna left the evil power broker on the spot, preserved her integrity and hasn't looked back since.

Lenna's refusal of Mr. Sachs doesn't necessarily mean that she's a prude. She was a healthy, popular gal abroad, and a good woman's sexual desires just don't dry up over the Atlantic. But like her warrior ancestors, she won't be forced into intimacy. "I have a craving for tummy snake," she concedes, "although I want to like the man before we sleep together." Once Lenna likes you, though, you've got a friend for life! "I don't abandon any of my boys. It's a custom that I've brought over from Germany. Once you've been in my bed, you're always welcome." *Danke*, Lenna. We really appreciate it.

MIRIAM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD H. MILNE

While the husband's away the wife shall play. That's certainly the case with naughty Miriam, a comely lass who gets very lonely, very quickly. But that doesn't mean she's sad. On the contrary, she has ways of keeping busy while hubby's away.

As soon as his car leaves the driveway, Miriam hops out of bed and draws herself a nice, hot bath. After a most comfortable hour in the soothing waters, she dries off and dresses in her sexiest outfit. Black hose, garter belt, something satin and high heels make up her erotic ensemble. Then Miriam settles back on her bed and closes her eyes—pretending she's somewhere else, with someone else. As they say, a woman's work is never done, and that's never been more true than in Miriam's case. Her hubby ought to hire a maid.

DARCEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOANIE ALLUM

A bona fide party-girl, Darcey's pranks sometimes take things a little too far and have cost her a job on more than one occasion. Like that time with the typewriter. "I was working for this stuffy lawyer and got bored of all the medical malpractice forms. So I slipped off my top and started to type with my nips. The vibration was orgasmic." Mr. Legal Eagle didn't object—it was his wife who finally gave Darcey the axe. But she's not fazed. Our fun-loving vixen will frolic wherever she goes.

Daring's not the word for Darcey's dirty deeds. "What's pleasure without risk?" she asks. "Any old so-and-so can stay at home and make love. I want to break out and have some fun." Now a stewardess, she had plenty of fun on a recent flight from L.A. to New York. Darcey seduced the co-pilot of her 727, dragging him by his tie into the men's toilet. "Yeah, he was a little surprised at first, and the bathroom was pretty cramped, but in a strange way it made things more intimate." When he recovered from his surprise, he knew the ecstasy of flying Darcey's "friendly skies."

RAVEN

One-On-One

CALL AND TALK

TO THE

WORLD FAMOUS

LIVE GENESIS MODELS

COMPLETELY
PRIVATE
24 HOURS
A DAY,
7 DAYS A WEEK
NO CREDIT
CARD NEEDED

1-900-288-2905

Adults Only $3.29 per minute

MAVERICK MARKETING ENTERPRISES, LAS VEGAS, NV